

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 6.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20TH, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

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The policy that the city should adopt is this: It is all the time authorizing public improvements which have an effect on real estate values. Whenever it plans these it should, through the lands department which it proposes to create, act so that it obtains a share of the benefit which accrues to adjacent property. When it contemplates the purchase of land for park purposes or the improvement of some that it already has, it should, first of all, secure other land in the immediate vicinity which is bound to go up in price as a result of its action. It could follow the same plan with street railway extensions and other enterprises.

Consistently adhered to, such a policy would mean large gains to the city treasury. A large share of these improvements could be paid for out of the accretions of land values.

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Just why the structure projected is not gone on with speedily is not at all clear. The commissioners have suggested that the city build a business block to accommodate the work. Would this simply be a makeshift or is it intended to relieve the municipality permanently of the necessity of building a city hall proper?

There is something to be said in favor of the latter course. From the standpoint of economy and efficiency it is probably the best. An ornamental hall is not usually devised as well for the purposes of the city's business as a well-constructed office building would be. In New York the old City Hall has been completely outgrown and an enormous office building has been put up across the street front to accommodate the different departments.

If Edmonton should put up such a building now, it could make it of such proportions as to meet present needs and have very considerable room to spare for expansion. The extra space could be rented at a profit in the meanwhile.

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Editor of The Saturday News,—

Sir: I trust that the hopeful view expressed in your leading article this week as to the prospects of better civic administration during the coming year will be realized. "General feelings" however are very vain things unless some general action is taken to carry them out. Since coming to Edmonton I have always felt how helpless the ordinary voter was at election time. All the year round he reads denunciations in the Press of the action of this or that member of the Council, or perhaps of the Council as a whole, but as election time draws near, there seems to be a gradual cessation of blame and he finds himself at last in the voting booth with probably the same old list of names before him, having received very little assistance from the Press for a long time as to the exercise he ought to make of his powers.

The ordinary voter's memory cannot be expected to be a very long one and surely he is entitled to assistance from the Press as to the right or wrong doings of the candidates during a previous term of office, whether so-and-so voted for or against such-and-such an improvement, the pet idea of that particular organ; or whether he was or was not an obstacle to the removal of that abuse against which the said organ fulminated so stoutly at the time. I care not what the views of the particular paper may have been. Let it only have views now and let us know who the men were who helped them on. If the Bulletin thinks and thought that one course of action was right, the Journal another and the Capital a third, let them tell us now who helped them, even if they cannot bring themselves to say who hindered them. Only in some such way can we be expected to elect a Council pledged to a particular course and mark our approval or disapproval of what has been done during the year.

As long as we are a free people the blame of bad government must rest on our own shoulders, but we have a right to expect assistance from the people who earn their bread on the understanding that they supply the public with "news."

As long too as we are a free people, I believe we should repudiate any such ideal of government as Mr. Carpenter's. The tyranny of the "expert" is felt already in every department. In every direction our natural growth and feelings are thwarted by the dicta of professors, often contradicting each other, sometimes producing apparently beneficial results, but always, as I think, dwarfing character and making smaller men of their subjects. It may be true enough that "municipal administration is a science," so is Provincial administration and Imperial, and it is undoubtedly well that every branch of administration should be in the hands of men who

know what they are doing, but these men are servants—civil servants or municipal—and he direction of their activities must be in the hands of our chosen representatives, not in the hands of men whose views of what is good for us may be entirely different from our own. It was quite to be expected that such a view of municipal administration should have been developed in Germany.

It is utterly beside the mark to speak of "the prevailing superstition that any amateur is constitutionally fitted to conduct the most intricate of businesses, the city business, and that he is particularly capable if he has not been specially successful in his own business." There is no such superstition. But when Mr. Carpenter asserts that the idea must be abandoned that because a man is successful elsewhere he will therefore make a successful administrator, and when he says "when we elect a grocer to manage the city government, we wonder what is wrong with our charter," he is making just one of those assertions which experience tells us are the stock in trade of "experts" generally. He is confusing for one thing the administrative functions of the official whom we are not electing and the presiding functions of the Mayor, considered not as a Commissioner but as the part of the Council—the Municipal Premier, so to speak, whom we are choosing, not to do our mandate but to represent our ideas and see that the experts carry them out. Like so many other broad general assertions this one rests not on principles but on other assertions by the same mouth which we are expected to take, and only too frequently do take, on trust. In this case one of such propositions is given in your article: "No banker would imagine that because he has succeeded in managing a bank he was fitted to conduct a railway." No, but he might and in innumerable instances does, imagine that he is fitted to direct the policy of a railway and look after the interests of the shareholders.

I believe that Mr. Carpenter's animadversions on the "re-call" system are just; out, to return to the proposition with which I started, I would say that the re-call is an attempt, whether uncouth or not, to remedy the evil of want of knowledge and memory by trying to apply the citizen's knowledge of the facts while he has it; a good thing, but balanced and overbalanced, as Mr. Carpenter points out, by its disadvantages. But if the citizen were assisted, as I maintain he should be, at the critical time of the election to recall the deeds and misdeeds of the candidates during the year, either with praise or blame, instead of a general mantle of oblivion being allowed to settle over all, then the re-call would not be needed and we might with some confidence share the general feeling that a better civic administration is to result from our choice.

Of course there is the other side of the question—whether any candidate is worthy of the confidence of the elector; but I would rather see a successful "grocer" representing me in the government of the city than be governed by an "expert" whose views I am expected, generally on his own word, to accept as final. Where are the successful "lawyers and merchants"? They are the men we want.

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pression of popular opinion in favor of the mere say-so of the expert. It is to determine, through the elected council, the general lines that a city's policy is to follow. But the working out of the details should, in the interests of efficiency, be left to men who have had special facilities for studying the municipality's problems, while such recommendations that they make should at all times be given the most respectful consideration.

What our correspondent has to say about the lack of guidance which the ordinary elector receives in making his choice each year for the council is only too true. There is too much general criticism during the year and too little definite action at election time with a view to having a change in the conditions under which the city does its business brought about.

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There is absolutely no proof of such a claim. It can be well founded only on the assumption that the firm of Morgan and Co. was guilty of a piece of financial sharp practice which would make it impossible, even if there were only a moderate suspicion of their guilt, for them to continue to carry on their business. It has been their reputation for perfect integrity established over a long period of years that it has made them the power that they are.

No one would be surprised at such a charge being credited by a person who knows nothing of the methods that prevail among the financial leaders of London and New York. But something better is looked for from a publication which presumes to guide the Canadian public in such matters.

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Truth was established by Mr. Labouchere in 1876 and since its inception has waged a consistent battle against shams of all degrees. It is best known by the exposures which it has made of disreputable financial schemes. Hardly a week has passed but it has put some bloodsucking enterprise out of business. But its activity was by no means limited to this. Its fearless straightforwardness it has carried into many other fields.

Mr. Labouchere was a radical in politics and at all times a champion of the under-dog, without in any sense being a demagogue. The trouble with most of the fighting that is done for the overthrow of unjust privilege is that the men who carry it on do so very largely in the spirit which makes for anarchy. They have no appreciation of what in the prevailing system is worth maintaining and supporting. They are actuated wholly by class prejudice, and while the grievances that they are fighting against are very real, the remedies that strive to apply are in many cases productive of more harm than the old evils.

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(Continued on Page Eight.)

NEW BRUNSWICK HEARD FROM AGAIN

Another Splendid Cure By Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Ben Gauvang had backache so bad he had to quit work—Dodd's Kidney Pills Fixed him up.

Pueller Settlement, Kent Co., N.B., Jan. 15 (Special).—Every corner of New Brunswick tells of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this settlement can contribute its share. Mr. Ben. Gauvang is one man who without hesitation states that he owes his good health to the great Canadian Kidney remedy.

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly did me good," Mr. Gauvang says in an interview. "Before I started taking them my back ached so that I had to give up work and I also had to be careful how I walked and moved about. I took nine boxes, all told, and they fixed me up. They are the best medicine for all diseases of the kidneys."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure all. They only cure the kidneys, and with cured kidneys you can't have backache, rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes or dropsy.



A wedding party was disturbed by the crying of a baby belonging to one of the women guests. One of the young ladies present remarked to the bridesmaid: "What a nuisance babies are at a wedding!" "I should say so," returned the latter, and added, without very full consideration: "When I send out the invitations to my wedding I shall have printed in the corner, 'No babies expected.'"

Watching the house burn down, the woman suddenly bethought her that she had written out a check and left it lying on the desk. Fortunately she could remember the number of it—281. With a presence of mind she at once called up the bank. "Please stop payment on check numbered 281," she directed, with the crisp brevity characteristic of those who know exactly what they want.

"Please, ma'am," said a servant, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

"Why, Bridget," answered the mistress in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs. Tell him we do not want any."

Mrs. Knagg—Perhaps you recall it was on a train that we first met.

Mr. Knagg—Yes, but it's too late now to sue the company for damages.

First Politician: Don't you admire Santa Claus? Second Politician: Yes; he seldom gets caught with the goods on him.

MODERN PHILANTHROPIST.

"Why are you sobbing, my little man?" "My pa's a millionaire philanthropist." "Well, well, that's nothing to cry about." "It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend at Christmas, provided I raise a similar amount."

His father came up from the old home town to visit him. During his stay he remarked, with regret, "Son, I hear you've been losing a lot of money on fast horses." "Father," the young man came back, "that just shows how news will get twisted by the time it arrives at the old town. It is true that I have risked some coin at the tracks, but it wasn't on fast horses. What lost me my money was quite the opposite, dad—quite the opposite."

"Who's that man who just kicked the chair over and threw a pack of cards into the fireplace?" Inquire one caller. "Oh," replied the other, "he's the gentleman who tries to rest his nerves by playing solitaire."

The following story illustrates the knack which some people have of knowing all about their neighbors' affairs:

"Robert," said Uncle Henry, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? He stands in front of his window and shaves himself every morning. He's done it now for three days running."

"And he's probably done it for the last ten years, for all I know, uncle," replied Robert in a tone that lacked interest.

"Has he lived there all that time?" "Yes; and longer than that, I suppose. He was there when I came here ten years ago."

"Who is he?" "I don't know."

"What does he do?" "I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Whereupon Uncle Henry put on his hat and went out. In about 15 minutes he was back in the house again.

"Robert," he said, "that chap's name is F——. He runs an insurance office in P—— street. He's worth probably ten thousand, owns that house, belongs to the Methodist church, has three boys, one girl, is a widower, 54 years old, a member of the Masonic order, has a farm in the country, and is engaged to his typewriter. I believe living in the city has made you stupid about getting information."

"No power on earth shall make me do it!" he declared, firmly. She approached close to his side. Her flashing eyes blazed into his, and her lips

sneered: "You shall do it! However you dread it, it must be done! You hear me?"

"I refuse utterly! Such a thing is unworthy for a man of pride and honor to undertake!" he repeated, drawing back from her as from a whiplash. Quickly she was at his side again, gripping his arm with fingers slim, but hard as steel.

She slipped a small knife into his hand—a thin, sharp-pointed piece of steel. "There!" she said. His obstinacy was momentarily driving her to desperation.

Her voice broke with passion, and she cried, in a loud, angry voice: "William Tomkins, if you don't do what I say, and go peel those potatoes at once, you'll go to bed without any dinner!"—Puck.

A newsboy, having received a quarter from a lady for whom he had gone an errand, resolved to convert it into coppers. With that intention he went to one of the banks in the city, pushed open the door, and marched up to the counter; but the teller, failing to recognize the importance of the transaction, bade him run away home.

Deeply hurt, the urchin drew himself together, walked to the door, and there, standing on the mat, surveyed the entire place and everyone therein.

"Call yerself a bank," he exclaimed, with lofty disdain, "an' can't change a quarter."

A CHRISTMAS LEDGER

Showing Various Persons in Acc. with Various Other Persons With Comment on the Several Transactions.

I.
Mrs. Swap in Acc. with Mr. Swap
Dr.
Dec. 25th To one Seal Ulster\$50.00
Cr.

By one box cigars\$2.00
Comment by Mrs. Swap: "Stingy! I wanted sable!"

Comment by Mr. Swap: "I wonder if the furnace man would smoke 'em?"

II.
Miss Howyou Swap in Acc. with Miss Wanta Swap-you.
Dr.

Dec. 25th To one pair Silk Hose\$1.98
Cr.

By one pair Silk Hose\$1.98
Comment by both: "So she attended that sale, too."

III.
Mrs. Swap in Acc. with Uncle Ebenezer.
Dr.

By one leather upholstered chair\$40.00
Cr.

By one leather upholstered chair\$40.00
Comment by Mrs. Swap: "That should count for something when he makes his will."

Comment by Uncle Ebenezer: "Nasty, time-serving woman! She thinks I've nothing to do with my money but will it to her because of her attentions. Not if I'm sober!"

IV.
Mrs. Swap in Acc. with her newest and dearest friend.
Dr.

Dec. 25th To service and Barye lion\$25.00
Cr.

By one postcard booklet\$0.19
Comment by dearest friend: "If I had only known—"

Comment by Mrs. Swap: "I have always suspected that woman of being the ostentatious kind. A mere remembrance was all that was necessary. Besides, I don't believe it's genuine bronze."

V.
Mr. and Mrs. Swap in Acc. with their superannuated clergyman.
Dr.

Dec. 25th To service and goodwill\$1,000.00
By one postcard and postage\$0.03
Cr.

Comment by Mr. and Mrs. Swap: "It's no use wasting anything more valuable on the old man."

Comment by the clergyman: "——!"

VI.
Mr. and Mrs. Swap in Acc. with their cook.
Dr.

Dec. 25th. To constant threats to leave...\$0.00
Cr.

By one near diamond bracelet\$2.98
Comment by the Cook: "If it hadn't been for them threats, it's nothin' but a pocket handkerchief I'd a got. I'll keep 'em up for luck!"

Comment by Mr. and Mrs. Swap: "It's worth it to have her stay a few weeks longer."

VII.
Young Willie Swap in Acc. with his fiancée.
Dr.

Dec. 25th To one knitted silk tie\$0.50
Cr.

By one La Valliere set with diamonds\$175
Comment by Willie Swap: "And to think she has worked weeks and weeks making it with her own dear hands!"

Comment by his fiancée: "Why couldn't he have given me something else? I have just heard that La Vallieres are going out—and what if he should learn that I bought his tie on Christmas Eve at that half-price sale!"

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THE LATE JOHN BIGELOW ON THE TARIFF.

John Bigelow, the grand old man of the United States, who represented his country in France during the time of the Civil War, was a vigorous and clear-sighted opponent of the policy of protection adopted by the United States. In a letter written some time ago, the late Mr. Bigelow said that "all the United States labor troubles and was between the breadwinners and the capitalists are attributable to our tariff legislation, by which a good share of the property of eighty millions of people is practically confiscated for the benefit of the three or four millions who participate in the profits of such confiscations. Until the Civil War broke out, and while we were living under the 'revenue tariff with incidental protection' of 1844, no one had ever heard or dreamed of labor organizing itself against capital in this country. Both parties have been more or less debauched and demoralized by the artificial and delusive prosperities which were the natural consequence of such policy."

He said he would be happy to join in any movement that would make every harbor on the American sea coast as free to the commerce of the world as the ports of New York are to those of New Jersey. "In such a work," he said, "I should have the satisfaction of knowing that I was not even indirectly countenancing a vicious system of taxation, also that I was helping to put our statesmen upon an inquiry for sources of revenue that were not tainted with every crime save murder, of which highwaymen have ever been condemned by the laws of God or man."

A GREAT SHOWMAN.

The late "Lord" George Sanger was in his time a famous showman, but retired a good many years ago, and latterly had fallen on rather evil days. He was on the road altogether for seventy years. His prosperity with the show was greatly helped by the patronage of Royalty. On one occasion, when King Edward was Prince of Wales, he attended and expressed a wish to see the famous white elephant. "I suppose it is white— you have a white elephant?" "I dropped my voice a little," said Sanger, "and answered, 'Your Royal Highness, we may deceive the public sometimes, but we must not lie to our Prince. We whitewash it twice every year.' "I can see his shoulders shaking now," added the showman, "as he went to look at the elephant, and his eyes twinkled as he went back to the box."—Westminster Gazette.

STRANGE.

There was a young fellow from Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

CAUTIOUS CHINAMAN.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married soon after. Among the recipients of the usual little card boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied.

After the honeymoon, one of the first persons the newly-wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor.

"And how did you like the cake?" said the Englishman, laughing, after his usual congratulations.
"Ah, ah," returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer, "me no such big fool to eat him, sah. Me put cake in fire. Burn him up. He, he!"
"Oh, that's too bad," said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?"

"Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same winning smile. "You owe me monee, sah; sendee poison cake? I eat him; I die; you no payee up. Houp-lal He, he, he! I know you Ingles!"

WHO DID IT?

Dewsnap: "I have been threatened with appendicitis."

Prodger: "Who threatened you—the doctor?"

CAUTION AND COWARDICE.

Teacher: "Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?"

Billy: "Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself then that's caution; but when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice."

NOT TOO OLD YET.

Professor: "Young man, I am seventy-nine years old, and I never smoked a shred of tobacco in my life."

Student (puffing cigar): "Well, sir, you're not too old to learn, I assure you. Cato learned Greek at the age of eighty, you know."

DIDN'T WANT THE JOB.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X.— This woman wants washing."
Very shortly the answer came back.
"Dear Sir,— I daresay she does, but I don't fancy the job."

HIS PRIDE HAD A FALL.

With clothing battered and torn, and boots thick with mud, Tommy stole softly into the house.

But mother was ready for him.
"Come here, young man!" she commanded.
"Humph, football again! Didn't I tell you I wouldn't have it? Off with those boots, and away bed this minute!"

Never a word did Tommy say, but his eyes wandered wistfully to the table.

"No supper for you tonight," went on his mother, reading his thoughts; "it's finished long ago. D'you mean to say you didn't see me waving my arms and calling you to come in an hour ago?"

Still was Tommy silent. Casting aside his muddy boots, he crawled upstairs, trying to forget he was hungry.

"Hard luck!" he muttered presently, as he scraped the mud off his knickers. "Blessed if I didn't think she was cheering and waving because I made that great run and touchdown!"

A FAIR OFFER.

It was a political meeting in the East end, and the M.P., an exceptionally popular man, was addressing his constituents. The politician in question rejoiced in a luxuriant crop of hair. The audience was sympathetic for the most part; but there was one man in the front row of the audience who made numerous interruptions. He was a coal-heaver, apparently, and had but recently been heaving coals.

"Get your hair cut!" he shouted during a most pathetic passage in the candidate's speech. The well-known catch phrase seemed particularly applicable, so a good many of the audience laughed.

But the M.P. was equal to the occasion.
"I will make a bargain with that gentleman," he said. "I will get my hair cut if he will get his face washed."

There were no more interruptions.—Tit-Bits.

BY THE CODE.

Bert Richeleigh's father had allowed him to take a trip to Europe during the summer. Before starting the youth made up a cable code of his own for possible use while abroad, and handed a copy to his father, who locked it up in his desk without looking at it.

A month later the elder Richeleigh received a cable consisting of one word: "Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to be something quite pleasant. His code was at his house. He went up there in the best of humor. He got out the code and read: "Laugh— Send me \$500."

A MENTAL STAGGERER.

It was getting very near to Christmas, and the busy policeman cast a tolerant eye on the man who was wandering about aimlessly, as though suffering intense mental distress.

"A case for the station," muttered Robert, as he marched him a stroller.

They sent for the divisional surgeon, but the medical man was frankly puzzled. But at length the man recovered, and explained matters in the following way:

When he left his happy home in the morning his wife kissed him good-bye, and then asked him to go to the dressmaker, and tell her that she— his wife— had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and "be sure to tell her that if she thinks it would look better with ten bias flounces without puffing, and box-pleated below the equator, which should be gathered in hemstitched gudgeons up and down the seams with gusset stitch between, she can make it up in that way, instead of fluffing the hobnole in insertion and plecting out with point applique, as I suggested yesterday."

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The rose-shaded lamp burned low, and the young man took the plunge.

"Miss Smith—Mabel!" he stammered. "Will you—may I ask you—er—will you be my husband—No, no—I mean, will you be my wife?"

The ingenious damsel bent her blushing face.

"Before I answer that question, Mr. Spooner, you must wait till we're alone."

"Alone?" The young man glanced round the cosy little room in surprise.

"Yes. Throw my little brother out—he is under the couch. Now, open that cupboard, and ask my sister to leave us. Thank you. And now just see if the maid is listening at the keyhole. That's all right. And now we're alone!"

"Then, my darling, tell me, will you marry me?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Spooner."

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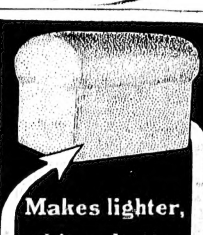
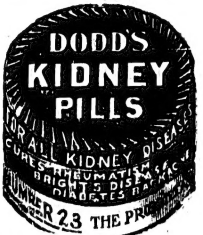
Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Irrigation Act, the St. Albert Collieries Company, Limited, have filed the necessary memorial and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation at Calgary, Alberta.

The applicants apply for the right to divert one-fourth of the cubic foot of water per second from the Sturgeon River, at a point on River Lot 54, Township 53, Range 25, West of the 4th Meridian, for other purposes, and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the memorial and plans filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said other purposes in the collieries.

The unmentioned lands are also affected by right of way for the proposed works, viz.: River Lot 54, and the Northwest quarter of section 28, in Township 53, Range 25, west of the 4th Meridian.

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Home and Society

Next week, like to-morrow, never comes in Edmonton.

We are always planning for it. We will do so many things when it comes. Of late I have begun to realize that only Lent will call a halt in social distractions, and make Next Week a realizable fact.

Last week ended in a whirl of parties. On Thursday Mrs. J. D. Harrison had a smart matinee Bridge of four tables, and one or two tables in again in the evening.

This delightful home is an ideal one for entertaining purposes and on Thursday, with its cheery fire crackling in the grate, the enthusiastic players, and the charming surroundings, made an inviting picture to the women as they trooped in from the cold out-of-doors. Mrs. Harrison was looking very smart and pretty, wearing such a becoming gown of mauve crepe, with a deep gold lace collar.

Honors were carried off by Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Macdonald-Hogg and Mrs. Scoble, who each received a beautiful silk work-bag, as a reward of their skill.

At the tea hour a few others drifted in, and enjoyed the happy hour over the tea-cups, around a table most beautifully arranged with scarlet geraniums set in a low chrysal bowl, on a handsome lace centre. Delightful chintz and flagreen-shaded candlesticks, and tiny crimson baskets of sweets, added pretty touches to the attractive color scheme, and here Mrs. Ghiselin poured tea, and Mrs. Barford the ices, while Mrs. Lane assisted in looking after everyone.

In the evening, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Brunton carried off the prizes for top scores.

Mrs. John Stocks the same afternoon entertained at a huge reception, when about two hundred guests came and went during the afternoon. The hostess received, wearing a handsome toilette of royal blue charmeuse, relieved with brocaded passementerie and some lovely Baby Irish lace.

Miss Stocks looked very sweet and girlish in black and white, with some Cluny lace garnitures. Assisting in the drawing room was Mrs. Davidson, while in the tea room, Mrs. A. Archibald and Mrs. W. A. Brown poured tea and coffee. Mrs. Inglis served the ices, and Ms. John C. McDougall, Miss Cull, Miss McBean, Miss Rose Dunlop, and Miss McKinnon were a bevy of attentive assistants.

On Thursday evening Mrs. MacMahon entertained at a jolly seven table Bridge. Mrs. MacMahon received in a gown of some soft blue shade, with pearl and silver garnitures. Dainty cups and saucers, and two interesting books were the favors that fell to the lot of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Ford and Mr. Percy Hardisty, who made top scores.

On Friday, though the day was very cold, the Ladies Curling Club held a mixed match, and their first tea of the season, three rinks engaging in play. The players were: Miss Barnes, Miss Gifford, Mr. Ralph Douglas and Mr. Rhoyds, against Mrs. Griesbach, Miss Jessie Belcher, Mr. Chattell and Mr. Bow, the former rink winning.

Miss Cook, Miss Seymour, Mr. Blue and Mr. Russell Johnston, against Miss Grace Johnston, Mrs. Cairns, Mr. Richards and Mr. Christie, the latter winning.

Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Nightingale and Dr. Dunn, against Mrs. Brunton, Miss Emily Bown, and Mr. Turnbull, the latter winning.

In the deciding match only the Ladies played, Miss Barnes and Miss Gifford carrying off the prizes. The tea table was attractively done in white hyacinths and smilax, Mrs. de Ray Williams and Mrs. Archie Ponton presiding, assisted by Mrs. Jim Ponton.

Some of the visitors to town, including Mrs. Macdonald Hogg, Mrs. Haylock, and Miss Ivy Kerr, came in for tea, as well as a goodly number of club members and a sprinkling of the sterner sex.

Owing to illness in the family, Mrs. Fairchild, of 23rd street, who was to have received on Tuesday afternoon, was obliged to postpone her reception.

Vision Thompson, the Bellamy Block, is at a small Bridge on Thursday next.

Donald Hogg, who has been visiting Harold Richards during the holiday as on Monday, with Mrs. John McDougall and a small party for Vancouver.

Annual luncheon of the Women's Canadian-Edmonton, which takes place this King Edward Hotel, this fair to be able affair in its own way. Already over two hundred members, with still pouring in.

Yes, I think we have the Men's Canadian Club beaten to a standstill, both as regards enthusiasm and membership, and when the Club gets properly organized, and its aims are fully understood, it has it in its power, to do big things for the Capital City of Alberta.

It has a rattling fine President in Mrs. Arthur Murphy, and a fine executive.

The first speaker before the Club is Mrs. McQueen, and Turner's Orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music on Saturday. Miss Marion Seymour will also render some vocal solos.

Mrs. Hislop entertains at Bridge again this Friday night.

Mrs. Edmund Burke had a jolly little two-table Bridge for Mrs. Macdonald Hogg on Wednesday, the other players being: Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mrs. Horace Dickey. Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mrs. Dickey captured the pretty prizes, after a good game, when all adjourned to the cheery dining room and had a merry tea-party seated comfortably about the tea table, laden with delicious goodies.

Mrs. Richards served the tea, and Mrs. Burke received her guests, wearing an attractive frock of heavy navy blue silk, embroidered in a Persian effect.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Bridge on Saturday was one of the jolliest parties of the week. Her little flat in the Arlington Block is one of the cosiest and most attractive in the building, and on Saturday was just comfortably filled by the four tables who played.

The hostess was very smartly gowned in black, embroidered crepe de chine with some filmy lace, and among those present I noticed, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Dickins, and Mrs. Frank Smith.

Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Charlesworth and Mrs. Frank Smith all received dainty bits of Bohemian glass as souvenirs of their skill and good luck.

Mrs. W. E. Lines served the tea, and Mrs. Ford assisted.

At the tea hour I noticed Mrs. Hislop and Miss Sowden joining the merry party.

One of the jolliest little dances given this season, claimed a number of the young bachelors as hosts on Monday night, the popular "Blue Moon" being the scene of the happy affair, and about seventy guests making up the party. I imagine that Mr. Nickleson was the prime mover in getting up the dance, the other hosts being: Mr. David Robinson, Mr. Spetzia, Mr. Townshend, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Laurie Jellett, Mr. Oliver Hunt, Mr. Bissett, and Mr. Jervis.

Everything was very well done indeed. A delicious supper, Turner's Orchestra to dance to, the most attentive of hosts, and heaps of pretty girls and gay young bachelor beaux... What more could you ask.

Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Pardee, smartly gowned in gold charmeuse satin.

Mrs. James Elggar, in exquisite white satin, with marabout trimmings.

Mrs. Heathcote, very sweet and attractive in gold satin.

Mrs. Jack Anderson, also in the same popular shade with cob-webby Limerick lace.

Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Pardee's house guest, in a lovely flame-colored creation of satin and chiffon.

Mrs. Swalsland, who looked charming in a graceful rose figured chiffon frock, over satin, with touches of black velvet.

Mrs. Dick Hardisty, a striking figure in handsome black satin, with some fine lace.

Mrs. Griesbach, in pretty cream embroidered net over satin of the same shade, with burnt orange velvet garnitures.

Miss Margot Whitney, Mrs. Mowat Elggar's cousin, an undoubted belle in black satin, with a sweet white fishu.

Miss Fairservice, very attractive in black satin with chiffon draperies.

Miss Forin and Miss Bessie Forin, two pretty sisters, the former in corn-colored satin, Miss Bessie in white.

Miss Emily Bown, a girlish figure in jink dew-drop net over pink satin.

Miss Sowden, in white with a Persian border.

Miss Marian Ross, who looked very sweet in black with white lace on the bodice.

Miss Bessie Scott, in becoming black.

Miss Harvey, in white satin, with a handsome chrysal tunic.

Miss Jessie Belcher, in draped white satin.

Miss Beck, in maize satin, veiled in chiffon with touches of gold.

Miss Oliver, flame colored chiffon over satin.

Miss Lillian Hardisty, one of the prettiest girls in soft white.

Miss Gench, in handsome black velvet.

(Continued on Page Five.)

Energetic Sales Managers wanted to establish headquarters in Edmonton and look after entire business of Alberta. Exclusive contract issued. Address, with bank and business reference, Diagraph Carbon Paper Co., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE REGULAR PARTY MEN

By J. W. Foley
(In Saturday Evening Post.)

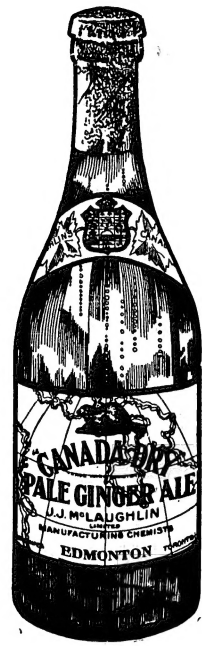
I am the Upright Citizen—Taxpayer is my name; I'm one of the City's Solid Men and I'm everywhere the same; I've built the sewers and paved the streets, and paid for the parks, you see, and all the Contractors, Bosses, Beas and Leeches feed on me—you see, I'm a Regular Party Man—it's bred in my flesh and bone. I've voted for every Republican since the party has been known; I always vote my ticket straight, though at times it's a bitter pill; but I never split it, and I may state that I hope I never will. Now Smith, next door, is a Democrat, and another Solid Man, who always knows right where he's at—and he votes by the selfsame plan; and Smith is an Upright Citizen, and his name's Taxpayer too; and as one of the Cities Solid Men he's down on the Grafting Crew; and so am I—so we go to the polls and vote straight down the line: two square and quite well-meaning men—and his vote offsets mine!

Now I've talked with Smith and he's talked with me, and we've talked quite plainly too; and I've said to him: "Now, Smith, you see, I'm down on this Grafting Crew; our man is the man to win the fight—he's a clean and able man." And Smith says: "Yes, I guess that's right; but he's a Republican. And I always vote my ticket straight from A to Z—that's how I've always done and it's getting late to change my methods now. Our man isn't what he ought to be—I quite agree in that; but he's the party nominee, and you know I'm a Democrat. So I guess I'll stick to the good old ship and vote right down the line." And Smith makes one cross on his ballot slip—and so his vote kills mine!

Smith talks with me in the selfsame way, and he says: "This paving job is a downright steal, I'm free to say, and our man's pledged to play hob with the deal they've made and we ought to stand behind him to a man." And I know our man has made a trade—but he's a Republican. So I say to Smith: "I'd like to vote for your candidate, that's flat; but somehow it sticks fast in my throat, for he is a Democrat. And you know I belong to the G.O.P.—the party of Lincoln and Blair—and it ought to be good enough for me; so I'll vote his straight again." And so we go to the polls and vote for the Gods of the Faith That Is—it's not just good; but what's the odds?—and so my vote kills his!

Now Smith and I, we mean all right and we want things on the square; but when there's a Regular

"Canada Dry" Pale Ginger Ale



With Your Meals—Appetizing, Refreshing

J. J. McLAUGHLIN, Limited
Edmonton

WHAT ABOUT THESE?

- | | |
|--|---|
| Capital Hill, Blk. 36, \$1,500; half cash. | and 20, \$4300; \$2300 cash. |
| Capital Hill, Blk. 33, 50x210 ft., \$2,600; half, 1 and 2 yrs. | Inglewood, Double corner blk. 43, only \$2600; \$1550 cash, balance 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. |
| Evanson, Double corner, Blk. 9, \$1,500; half. | River View, double corner close to car line, Blk. 2, \$2200; half cash. Don't miss it. A great snap. |
| Beechmount, 2 lots, Blk. 5 \$500 each cash. | Norwood, Carey St., 4 lots, Blk. 39, \$3900; \$1900 cash. This street has water and sewer. Be quick. |
| Dorval, Blk. 10, \$475 cash or \$500 terms. | River View Heights, Whole of Blk. 3, 28 lots, \$14,000; \$7,000; 1 and 2 years. |
| Northcote, Blk. 14, 2 lots, \$1250; half cash. | Groat, A fully modern house near car line; splendidly finished and decorated ready for occupation; \$5,000; terms; Good for occupation or investment. |
| Northcote, Blk. 17, 2 lots, \$1450; \$750 cash. | Groat, Double corner, Blk. 25, with house and stable, \$4800, \$2,000 cash, 6, 12, 18 mos. |
| Westwood, Blk. 4, \$1,000; \$400 cash, 6, 12, 15 months. | Inglewood, Blk. 53, \$1300; half cash. |
| H.B.R., Blk. 2, \$4500; \$2,000 cash. | Inglewood, Blk. 18, \$1200; \$585 cash. |
| H.B.R., Blk. 9, \$4,000; \$2,000 cash. | Inglewood, Blk. 23, 3 lots, \$900 cash; half cash. |
| H.B.R., Blk. 6, 2 lots, \$20,000, half cash, 1 and 2 yrs. 7 p.c. | Two good improved farms about 8 miles from Edmonton P.O., \$56 and \$90 per acre. Also some acreage near city. |
| H.B.R., Blk. 10, 2 lots, \$2300 each; \$1250 each cash. | |
| H.B.R., Blk. 13, with house and barn, \$6,500 for corner; terms. | |
| Parisdale, 4 lots including corner, Blk. 92, \$1800; \$900 cash; a snap. | |
| Cromdale, Blk. 7, \$450; half cash. | |
| Delton, Blk. 44, \$275. | |
| Mount Lawn, 11 lots, Blks 19 | |

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The Canadian Home Investment Co., Ltd.
800-02 Royal Bank Bldg.
Phone 2915, Edmonton, Alta.
(Opposite King Edward Hotel on First St.)
HOME OFFICE: Pacific Building, Vancouver, B.C.

Party Fight, a man must do his share. My faith comes down from Fremont's time and his from Jefferson; and to cling to an old-time faith's sublime—no odds how the paving's done! Sometimes I think his man's the best—sometimes he thinks mine is; but I vote straight, north, south, east, west, and he votes straight for his. We quite agree on little things, like the taxrolls and the streets, the city schools, police, white wine, and the health of milk and meat; but when it comes to matters like a Regular Party Plank, why, Smith is stubborn as a pig and I'm somewhat of a crank. And we'd like to vote alike—and then we could down the Grafting Crew; but we're both Regular Party Men—so what are we going to do?

ANNUAL : : CLEANING UP SALE : :

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AFTERNOON GOWNS

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7.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

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Afternoon Tea Served. After Theatre Parties and Catering for Special Functions.

617 FOURTH STREET

The Ritz

Combination Lunches

30cts

Served from 12 to 2

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THE INFANT,
THE GIRL,
THE OCTOGENARIAN

Are alike benefited by the agreeable and promptly assimilable food and reconstituent

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(a laquin du Perou)

It supplies the necessary red corpuscles to the blood in such a thoroughly acceptable form that even infantile or senile patients readily tolerate and appropriate its blood-building constituents.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

CARNATIONS

(Red, White, Pink) \$1.50 Per Dozen.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

75 Cents Per Dozen

SMILAX

25 Cents Per String

RAMSAY'S

Greenhouses

Phone 1892

THE INVESTOR

General Manager Chamberlin, of the G.T.P., made this statement during the past week in reference to the progress of the company's program:

"In regard to the main line we hope to have the steel connected from Winnipeg to the coast during 1913, but, of course, that does not mean operating passenger trains as there is a vast amount of work to be done following the connecting of the steel. During the coming year we hope to grade and lay steel on 200 miles of the 410 mile gap now under construction. We have 135 miles on which tracklaying has just commenced; this will be completed with an additional 50 miles during the coming season. This entire 185 is from the west, and 150 miles will be completed from the east end.

"This all depends, however, on the labor market, as we cannot do the work without men, and we can use as many men as we can get. During the past year 10,000 men have been at work, and this is quite a small army but this year we hope to have even more.

"The most important work outside of construction will be the starting of two hotels. The Edmonton hotel plans are prepared, and only two obstacles stand in the way of immediate construction. One is the ratification of the agreement with the city of Edmonton, and the other the weather conditions. Just as soon as the obstacles are eliminated work will start."

Since the first of the year, several sales of importance have been negotiated through the office of H. Milton Martin. During the first week of January, over two hundred thousand dollars worth of property was sold through this office, the sales including eighty feet on McDougall Avenue, comprising the Burnham Frith Electric Co.'s store and the Old Bijou Theatre; sixty-six feet on Queen's Avenue at \$600 per foot; The Archibald Block, Whyte Avenue, on the south side of the river, the purchase price of which was \$32,500 cash, and also two lots on Whyte Avenue at \$10,000. Mr. Martin has purchased for clients about one hundred thousand dollars worth of property on Whyte Avenue during the month, and has disposed of over twenty lots in the Garneau subdivision.

On the Edmonton side of the river, enquiries have been numerous for vacant lots in Norwood, the Hudson's Bay Reserve north of Jasper Avenue, between Eleventh Street and Eighteenth Street, and also north of the C.N.R. track, as well as in the West end subdivisions of Glenora, Groat Estate, Inglewood and Westmount, several sales having been closed in these districts.

Owing to the rapid increase of his business, Mr. Martin has found it necessary to seek larger quarters, and is this week removing into more commodious and spacious offices on the ground floor of the new Sugarman Block, east of the Monarch Theatre, 30, Jasper Avenue East.

Mr. Martin's staff consists of G. D. Edwards, accountant; the real estate department being in the

hands of P. H. Belcher, W. F. Ellis and E. Nicouland, whilst J. G. Fraser will have charge of the insurance department.

It is not so many years since it was impossible to sell stock in Winnipeg for the operation of a street car service which now pays 12 per cent. on several-times watered stock. How many Winnipeggers did really buy that stock and put cash into it? The stock book of the company and its cash book would reveal a very interesting history which may possibly come to light when the city assumes control of the road sixteen or seventeen years hence.

But at that time only a few men saw that Winnipeg would be great, and they invested on the strength of what they saw with very substantial results. There is a big difference now. Many men see a still bigger future ahead of Winnipeg as the financial headquarters for the great west. Moreover, during the past decade many fortunes have been made. Winnipeg has now men of money. When a proposition comes along with any degree of good backing it is taken up. The best evidence of this is the recent flotation of the Imperial Canadian Trust Co. On November 23 last a public invitation was made for subscription to stock amounting to \$1,000,000. Just a month later this amount was over-subscribed. Now this is a very exceptional circumstance, and this flotation may be regarded as the most successful that has yet been made in Winnipeg. Winnipeg Town Topics.

A Saskatoon correspondent says: Recent sales included a 74 ft. corner of Twelfth street and First avenue west at \$550 a foot, sold by Geo. Will to a syndicate of Saskatoon and Edmonton people for \$100,000, a 32 foot frontage on First avenue west near the Empress theatre at \$500 sold by Geo. Moorhouse and a 26 foot frontage on Central avenue at \$650 per foot.

"It is now expected," says The Montreal Witness, "that the new flour mill and elevators of the Ogilvie Milling Company will be erected somewhere in the vicinity of Calgary and Edmonton. The new mill will be in the best position to cater to its B. C. and Orient trade."

It is further said that the new mills will have a capacity of 2,000 barrels a day, the elevators will have a capacity of 300,000 bushels, and the warehouse will have a capacity of 100,000 bags.

If the oriental trade is what the company has in view, Edmonton should certainly have the preference with the easy grades to Northern Pacific ports, which the G.T.P. and C.N.R. lines from this city will furnish. It is when these are completed that Edmonton's large industrial development should really begin.

Among the G.T.P. officials who retired at the beginning of the year were Mr. George H. Pope, right of way agent, and Mr. A. Butze, after whom the company's first station in Alberta was named.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Four.)

Miss Nora Campbell, very attractive in rose-pink silk crepe de chine.

Miss Brown, in black and gold.

Miss Potter, strikingly pretty in white satin, with an embroidered chiffon tunic.

Miss Cauchon, in rose-pink satin, veiled in pale blue chiffon.

Prior to the dance, Mr. Mickleson entertained at a dinner, when Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. Heathcott, Mrs. Polehampton, and Miss Whitney, were the guests.

Mr. Oliver Hunt also gave a small dinner the same evening in his flat at the Arlington, when Miss Emily Down, Miss Potter, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mr. Townshend, and Mr. Anderson were the guests.

Mrs. Ellwood Moore is expected back in town, some time next week.

Mrs. Howard Douglas is another traveller, who is expected home any day.

Madame Cote entertained at a smart dinner of twelve covers on Wednesday night.

Mons. and Madam Dubuc have Mons. Dubuc's sister of Winnipeg with them on a visit.

Three tables enjoyed a merry game of Bridge in Mrs. Herring Cooper's cosy flat at the Arlington, on Thursday afternoon, when this popular hostess received them wearing a smart white toilette, and made the time pass in such happy fashion, that other engagements were let pass, in favor of remaining to the last minute in such pleasant surroundings.

roundings.

The players were: Madame Thibeaudeau, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Soars, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, and Mrs. Hislop. The three first of whom carried off silver bon-bon dishes and a dainty china match case as souvenirs.

Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Kinnaird, Mrs. Brunton and Mrs. W. E. Lines later came in for tea, Mrs. Dickins pouring at a table done in fragrant white hyacinths and smilax.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Robert Haines have moved from their apartment in the Arlington, to a house half-way down the hill on Fifth street. Mr. and Mrs. Haines of St. Thomas are with them on a visit.

Mrs. Archie Ponton gave a Bridge on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Bulyea received a host of callers at Government House on Thursday afternoon. Particulars of the reception, I am obliged to hold over until next week.

I hear that "The Thief," being produced at the Empire Theatre the last three nights of this week, is very well worth going to see.

The Premier, Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clark Dennis are home from their holiday visit to the Peg. Master Raymond Sifton has gone back to his school in Calgary, and Mrs. Sisley and Miss Lindner who were guests of the party in Winnipeg, have returned to Calgary.

Mr. Albert Nash returned on Wednesday from a business trip to Ottawa.

MAN OF SECRETS.

Death of England's Most Famous Lawyer

The death has occurred of Sir George Lewis, Bart., the famous solicitor, who has been ill for some time. He was born in 1833. Educated at Edmonion and University College, Gower street—which, by the way, has given many of her distinguished sons to the law—he was articled to his father at the age of 17, and was admitted as a solicitor in Hilary term, 1856. He at once joined the firm, consisting of his father and uncle as partner. The young solicitor's first great case was the prosecution of the directors of Overend & Gurney's Bank. This led to him having subsequently the management of many other mercantile and financial prosecutions. He was engaged also in the prosecution of Mrs. Rachel, and of Slade, the medium, in the Hatton Garden diamond robbery case, in *Belt vs. Lawes*, the baccarat case, and later in the preparation of the case for Mr. Parnell and the Irish party against The Times at the Parnell commission.

The Art of Forgetfulness

He was the second of the line of lawyers bearing that name, which, even had Ely place no historical associations, its connection with the firm of Lewis & Lewis would have made it renowned. The third of the line of Lewis is Mr. Geo. Lewis, now head of the firm. The erstwhile palace of the Bishops of Ely in days gone by, Ely place, it may be assumed, was not unfamiliar with confessors in the strict sense of the term, but it is doubtful if all those who were associated with the old palace now occupied by the cul-de-sac, where one feels himself far from the madding crowd, could have revealed anything approaching the secrets which were entrusted, at one time or another, to Sir George Lewis. He kept no diary, and was the sole repository of his secrets, and they have died with him. It may be recalled that some time ago Sir George was asked about the end of a celebrated case in which he had been engaged, and Sir George said frankly that he had cultivated the art of forgetfulness, for as soon as a case was over he thought no more about it. If he acted otherwise, his life would be intolerable.

The Bravo Case.

A famous affair in which Sir George was engaged was that known as the Bravo case. Mr. Bravo was a young barrister, and he married a rich widow—beautiful and fascinating. Within a few months of the marriage he died without attracting notice. Weeks or months after the funeral a paragraph suggesting that there was a mystery, and that investigation was called for, appeared in a society paper. The authorities acted, and an inquest was opened and continued for a month. A great array of counsel appeared, among whom were Sir John Holker, attorney general; Sir John Gorst, the solicitor general; Lord James, and Mr. J. P. Murphy. Mr. George Lewis represented the Bravo family. When Mr. Lewis cross-examined Mrs. Cox, the companion of Mrs. Bravo, all London was electrified, but the mystery whether Mr. Bravo died by accident or by his own hand was never solved. Another of the causes celebre with which Sir George Lewis was associated was the defence of Lady Colin Campbell, who died only a few weeks ago.

It was in 1893 that Mr. Lewis was knighted, and nine years ago he was created a baronet. He retired in 1909. In 1907 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. F. J. Eberstadt. His only son, Mr. George J. G. Lewis, succeeds to the title.

THE GRAND BANKER.

"When the liners cross the Banks," says Frederick William Wallace, writing in December CANADA MONTHLY, "the fishermen keep shrewd lookout."

"A stiff nor'wester" was blowing across the Banks, and the flying spray whipped from the crests of the waves mingled with the misty rain which drove, fog-like, from off the Newfoundland Coast. A few weary-defying passengers on the big liner bucking her way to the westward, watched with interest the antics of a small schooner flying along, close-hauled, hundred yards away. "That vessel rose upon a dead," cried one, "I'm interested to hear that soared skyward." "Cent' hundred thousand pounds." "Dear old Bill!"

Advertise in the "News"

Home and Society

Next week, like to-morrow, never comes in Edmonton.

We are always planning for it. We will do so many things when it comes. Of late I have begun to realize that only Lent will call a halt in social distractions, and make Next Week a realizable fact.

Last week ended in a whirl of parties. On Thursday Mrs. J. D. Harrison had a smart matinee Bridge of four tables, and one or two tables in again in the evening.

This delightful home is an ideal one for entertaining purposes and on Thursday, with its cheery fire crackling in the grate, the enthusiastic players, and the charming surroundings, made an inviting picture to the women as they trooped in from the cold out-of-doors. Mrs. Harrison was looking very smart and pretty, wearing such a becoming gown of mauve crepe, with a deep gold lace collar.

Honors were carried off by Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Macdonald-Hogg and Mrs. Scoble, who each received a beautiful silk work-bag, as a reward of their skill.

At the tea hour a few others drifted in, and enjoyed the happy hour over the tea-cups, around a table most beautifully arranged with scarlet geraniums set in a low chrysal bowl, on a handsome lace centre. Delightful chintz and flaggee-shaded candlesticks, and tiny crimson baskets of sweets, added pretty touches to the attractive color scheme, and here Mrs. Gishelin poured tea, and Mrs. Barford the ices, while Mrs. Lane assisted in looking after everyone.

In the evening, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Brunton carried off the prizes for top scores.

Mrs. John Stocks the same afternoon entertained at a huge reception, when about two hundred guests came and went during the afternoon. The hostess received, wearing a handsome toilette of royal blue charmeuse, relieved with broadcassimere and some lovely Baby Irish lace.

Miss Stocks looked very sweet and girlish in black and white, with some Cluny lace garnitures. Assisting in the drawing room were Mrs. Davidson, while in the tea room, Mrs. A. Archibald and Mrs. W. A. Brown poured tea and coffee. Mrs. Inglis served the ices, and Mrs. John C. McDougall, Miss Cull, Miss McBean, Miss Rose Dunlop, and Miss McKinnon were a bevy of attentive assistants.

On Thursday evening Mrs. MacMahon entertained at a jolly seven table Bridge. Mrs. MacMahon received in a gown of some soft blue shade, with pearl and silver garnitures. Dainty cups and saucers, and two interesting books were the favors that fell to the lot of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Ford and Mr. Percy Hardisty, who made top scores.

On Friday, though the day was very cold, the Ladies Curling Club held a mixed match, and their first tea of the season, three rinks engaging in play.

The players were: Miss Barnes, Miss Gifford, Mr. Ralph Douglas and Mr. Rhoads, against Mrs. Griesbach, Miss Jessie Belcher, Mr. Chattell and Mr. Bow, the former rink winning.

Miss Cook, Miss Seymour, Mr. Blue and Mr. Russell Johnston, against Miss Grace Johnston, Mrs. Cairns, Mr. Richards and Mr. Christie, the latter winning.

Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Nightingale and Dr. Dunn, against Mrs. Brunton, Miss Emily Bown, and Mr. Turnbull, the latter winning.

In the deciding match only the Ladies played, Miss Barnes and Miss Gifford carrying off the prizes. The tea table was attractively done in white hyacinths and smilax, Mrs. de Ray Williams and Mrs. Archie Ponton presiding, assisted by Mrs. Jim Ponton.

Some of the visitors to town, including Mrs. Macdonald Hogg, Mrs. Haylock, and Miss Ivy Kerr, came in for tea, as well as a goodly number of club members and a sprinkling of the sterner sex.

Owing to illness in the family, Mrs. Fairchild, of 23rd street, who was to have received on Tuesday afternoon, was obliged to postpone her reception.

Visitors Thompson, the Bellamy Block, is at a small Bridge on Thursday next.

Harold Hogg, who has been visiting Harold Richards during the holiday on Monday, with Mrs. John McDougall and a small party for Vancouver.

Annual luncheon of the Women's Canadian Club, which takes place this afternoon at the King Edward Hotel, bids fair to be a affair in its own way. Already over two hundred members, with Opill pouring in.

Yes, I think we have the Men's Canadian Club beaten to a standstill, both as regards enthusiasm and membership, and when the Club gets properly organized, and its aims are fully understood, it has it in its power, to do big things for the Capital City of Alberta.

It has a rattling fine President in Mrs. Arthur Murphy, and a fine executive.

The first speaker before the Club is Mrs. McQueen, and Turner's Orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music on Saturday. Miss Marion Seymour will also render some vocal solos.

Mrs. Hislop entertains at Bridge again this Friday night.

Mrs. Edmund Burke had a jolly little two-table Bridge for Mrs. Macdonald Hogg on Wednesday, the other players being: Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mrs. Horace Dickey. Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mrs. Dickey captured the pretty prizes, after a good game, when all adjourned to the cheery dining room and had a merry tea-party seated comfortably about the tea table, laden with delicious goodies.

Mrs. Richards served the tea, and Mrs. Burke received her guests, wearing an attractive frock of heavy navy blue silk, embroidered in a Persian effect.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Bridge on Saturday was one of the jolliest parties of the week. Her little flat in the Arlington Block is one of the coziest and most attractive in the building, and on Saturday was just comfortably filled by the four tables who played.

The hostess was very smartly gowned in black, embroidered crepe de chine with some filmy lace, and among those present I noticed, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Dickins, and Mrs. Frank Smith.

Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Charlesworth and Mrs. Frank Smith all received dainty bits of Bohemian glass as souvenirs of their skill and good luck.

Mrs. W. E. Lines served the tea, and Mrs. Ford assisted.

At the tea hour I noticed Mrs. Hislop and Miss Sowden joining the merry party.

One of the jolliest little dances given this season, claimed a number of the young bachelors as hosts on Monday night, the popular "Blue Moon" being the scene of the happy affair, and about seventy guests making up the party. I imagine that Mr. Mickleson was the prime mover in getting up the dance, the other hosts being: Mr. David Robinson, Mr. Spetzla, Mr. Townshend, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Laurie Jellett, Mr. Oliver Hunt, Mr. Bissett, and Mr. Jervis.

Everything was very well done indeed. A delicious supper, Turner's Orchestra to dance to, the most attentive of hosts, and heaps of pretty girls and gay young bachelor beaux—What more could you ask.

Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Pardee, smartly gowned in gold charmeuse satin.

Mrs. James Biggar, in exquisite white satin, with marabout trimmings.

Mrs. Heathcote, very sweet and attractive in gold satin.

Mrs. Jack Anderson, also in the same popular shade with cob-webby Limerick lace.

Mrs. Polehampton, Mrs. Pardee's house guest, in a lovely flame-colored creation of satin and chiffon.

Mrs. Swaisland, who looked charming in a graceful rose figured chiffon frock, over satin, with touches of black velvet.

Mrs. Dick Hardisty, a striking figure in handsome black satin, with some fine lace.

Mrs. Griesbach, in pretty cream embroidered net over satin of the same shade, with burnt orange velvet garnitures.

Miss Margot Whitney, Mrs. Mowat Elgar's cousin, an undoubted belle in black satin, with a sweet white fishu.

Miss Fairservice, very attractive in black satin with chiffon draperies.

Miss Forin and Miss Bessie Forin, two pretty sisters, the former in corn-colored satin, Miss Bessie in white.

Miss Emily Bown, a girlish figure in jink dew-drop net over pink satin.

Miss Sowden, in white with a Persian border.

Miss Marian Ross, who looked very sweet in black with white lace on the bodice.

Miss Bessie Scott, in becoming black.

Miss Harvey, in white satin, with a handsome chrysal tunic.

Miss Jessie Belcher, in draped white satin.

Miss Beck, in maize satin, veiled in chiffon with touches of gold.

Miss Oliver, flame colored chiffon over satin.

Miss Lillian Hardisty, one of the prettiest girls in soft white.

Miss Geach, in handsome black velvet.

(Continued on Page Five.)

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THE REGULAR PARTY MEN

By J. W. Foley
(In Saturday Evening Post.)

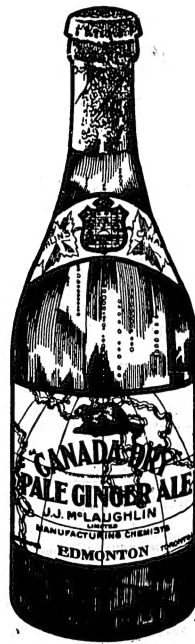
I am the Upright Citizen—Taxpayer is my name; I'm one of the City's Solid Men and I'm everywhere the same; I've built the sewers and paved the streets, and paid for the parks, you see, and all the Contractors, Bosses, Beas and Leeches feed on me—you see, I'm a Regular Party Man—it's bred in my flesh and bone. I've voted for every Republican since the party has been known; I always vote my ticket straight, though at times it's a bitter pill; but I never split it, and I may state that I hope I never will. Now Smith, next door, is a Democrat, and another Solid Man, who always knows right where he's at—and he votes by the selfsame plan: and Smith is an Upright Citizen, and his name's Taxpayer too; and as one of the Cities Solid Men he's down on the Grafting Crew; and so am I—so we go to the polls and vote straight down the line: two square and quite well-meaning men—and his vote offests mine!

Now I've talked with Smith and he's talked with me, and we've talked quite plainly too; and I've said to him: "Now, Smith, you see, I'm down on this Grafting Crew; our man is the man to win the fight—he's a clean and able man." And Smith says: "Yes, I guess that's right; but he's a Republican. And I always vote my ticket straight from A to Z—that's how I've always done and it's getting late to change my methods now. Our man isn't what he ought to be—I quite agree in that; but he's the party nominee, and you know I'm a Democrat. So I guess I'll stick to the good old ship and vote right down the line." And Smith makes one cross on his ballot slip—and so his vote kills mine!

Smith talks with me in the selfsame way, and he says: "This paying job is a downright steal, I'm free to say, and our man's pledged to play hob with the deal they've made and we ought to stand behind him to a man." And I know our man has made a trade—but he's a Republican. So I say to Smith: "I'd like to vote for your candidate, that's flat; but somehow it sticks fast in my throat, for he is a Democrat. And you know I belong to the G.O.P.—the party of Lincoln and Blaine—and it ought to be good enough for me; so I'll vote his straight again." And so we go to the polls and vote for the Gods of the Faith That Is—it's not just good; but what's the odds?—and so my vote kills his!

Now Smith and I, we mean all right and we want things on the square; but when there's a Regular

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Capital Hill, Bk. 36, \$1,500; half cash.
Capital Hill, Bk. 33, 50x210 ft., \$2,600; half, 1 and 2 yrs.
Evanston, Double corner, Bk. 9, \$1,500; half.
Beechmount, 2 lots, Bk. 5 \$500 each cash.
Dorval, Bk. 10, \$475 cash or \$500 terms.
Northcote, Bk. 14, 2 lots, \$1250; half cash.
Northcote, Bk. 17, 2 lots, \$1450; \$750 cash.
Westwood, Bk. 4, \$1,000; \$400 cash, 6, 12, 15 months.
H.B.R., Bk. 2, \$4500; \$2,000 cash.
H.B.R., Bk. 9, \$4,000; \$2,000 cash.
H.B.R., Bk. 6, 2 lots, \$20,000, half cash, 1 and 2 yrs. 7 p.c.
H.B.R., Bk. 10, 2 lots, \$2300 each; \$1250 each cash.
H.B.R., Bk. 13, with house and barn, \$6,500 for corner; terms.
Parkdale, 4 lots including corner, Bk. 92, \$1800; \$900 cash; a snap.
Cromdale, Bk. 7, \$450; half cash.
Delton, Bk. 41, \$275.
Mount Lawn, 11 lots, Bk. 19 and 20, \$4300; \$2300 cash.
Inglewood, Double corner, Bk. 43, only \$2600; \$1550 cash, balance 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.
River View, double corner close to car line, Bk. 2, \$2200; half cash. Don't miss it. A great snap.
Norwood, Carey St., 4 lots, Bk. 39, \$3900; \$1900 cash. This street has water and sewer. Be quick.
River View Heights, whole of Bk. 3, 28 lots, \$14,000; \$7,000; 1 and 2 years.
Groat, A fully modern house near car line, splendidly finished and decorated ready for occupation; \$5,000, terms; Good for occupation or investment.
Groat, Double corner, Bk. 25, with house and stable, \$4800, \$2,000 cash, 6, 12, 18 mos. half cash.
Inglewood, Bk. 53, \$1300; half cash.
Inglewood, Bk. 18, \$1200; \$585 cash.
Inglewood, Bk. 23, 3 lots, \$900 each; half cash.
Two good improved farms about 8 miles from Edmonton P.O., \$56 and \$90 per acre. Also some acreage near city.

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Party Fight, a man must do his share. My faith comes down from Fremont's time and his from Jefferson; and to cling to an old-time faith's sublime—no odds how the paving's done! Sometimes I think his man's the best—sometimes he thinks mine is; but I vote straight, north, south, east, west, and he votes straight for his. We quite agree on little things, like the taxrolls and the streets, the city schools, police, white wine, and the health of milk and meat; but when it comes to matters like a Regular Party Plank, w'y, Smith is stubborn as a pig and I'm somewhat of a crank. And we'd like to vote alike—and then we could down the Grafting Crew; but we're both Regular Party Men—so what are we going to do?

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WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT
(a la Quina du Perou)

It supplies the necessary red corpuscles to the blood in such a thoroughly acceptable form that even infantile or senile patients readily tolerate and appropriate its blood-building constituents.



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Ask YOUR Doctor

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

CARNATIONS
(Red, White, Pink) \$1.50 Per Dozen.

LILY OF THE VALLEY
75 Cents Per Dozen

SMILAX
25 Cents Per String

RAMSAY'S

Greenhouses

Phone 1898

THE INVESTOR

General Manager Chamberlin, of the G.T.P., made this statement during the past week in reference to the progress of the company's program:

"In regard to the main line we hope to have the steel connected from Winnipeg to the coast during 1913, but, of course, that does not mean operating passenger trains as there is a vast amount of work to be done following the connecting of the steel. During the coming year we hope to grade and lay steel on 200 miles of the 410 mile gap now under construction. We have 135 miles on which tracklaying has just commenced; this will be completed with an additional 50 miles during the coming season. This entire 185 is from the west, and 150 miles will be completed from the east end.

"This all depends, however, on the labor market, as we cannot do the work without men, and we can use as many men as we can get. During the past year 10,000 men have been at work, and this is quite a small army but this year we hope to have even more.

"The most important work outside of construction will be the starting of two hotels. The Edmonton hotel plans are prepared, and only two obstacles stand in the way of immediate construction. One is the ratification of the agreement with the city of Edmonton, and the other the weather conditions. Just as soon as the obstacles are eliminated work will start."

Since the first of the year, several sales of importance have been negotiated through the office of H. Milton Martin. During the first week of January, over two hundred thousand dollars worth of property was sold through this office, the sales including eighty feet on McDougall Avenue, comprising the Burnham Frith Electric Co.'s store and the Old Bijou Theatre; sixty-six feet on Queen's Avenue at \$600 per foot; The Archibald Block, Whyte Avenue, on the south side of the river, the purchase price of which was \$32,500 cash, and also two lots on Whyte Avenue at \$10,000. Mr. Martin has purchased for clients about one hundred thousand dollars worth of property on Whyte Avenue during the month, and has disposed of over twenty lots in the Garneau subdivision.

On the Edmonton side of the river, enquiries have been numerous for vacant lots in Norwood, the Hudson's Bay Reserve north of Jasper Avenue, between Eleventh Street and Eighteenth Street, and also north of the C.N.R. track, as well as in the West end subdivisions of Glenora, Groat Estate, Inglewood and Westmount, several sales having been closed in these districts.

Owing to the rapid increase of his business, Mr. Martin has found it necessary to seek larger quarters, and is this week removing into more commodious and spacious offices on the ground floor of the new Sugarman Block, east of the Monarch Theatre, 30, Jasper Avenue East.

Mr. Martin's staff consists of G. D. Edwards, accountant; the real estate department being in the

hands of P. H. Belcher, W. F. Ellis and E. Nicouland, whilst J. G. Fraser will have charge of the insurance department.

It is not so many years since it was impossible to sell stock in Winnipeg for the operation of a street car service which now pays 12 per cent. on several-times watered stock. How many Winnipeggers did really buy that stock and put cash into it? The stock book of the company and its cash book would reveal a very interesting history which may possibly come to light when the city assumes control of the road sixteen or seventeen years hence.

But at that time only a few men saw that Winnipeg would be great, and they invested on the strength of what they saw with very substantial results. There is a big difference now. Many men see a still bigger future ahead of Winnipeg as the financial headquarters for the great west. Moreover, during the past decade many fortunes have been made. Winnipeg has now men of money. When a proposition comes along with any degree of good backing it is taken up. The best evidence of this is the recent flotation of the Imperial Canadian Trust Co. On November 23 last a public invitation was made for subscription to stock amounting to \$1,000,000. Just a month later this amount was over-subscribed. Now this is a very exceptional circumstance, and this flotation may be regarded as the most successful that has yet been made in Winnipeg. Winnipeg Town Topics.

A Saskatoon correspondent says: Recent sales included a 74 ft. corner of Twelfth street and First avenue west at \$550 a foot, sold by Geo. Will to a syndicate of Saskatoon and Edmonton people for \$100,000, a 32 foot frontage on First avenue west near the Empress theatre at \$500 sold by Geo. Moorhouse and a 26 foot frontage on Central avenue at \$650 per foot.

"It is now expected," says The Montreal Witness, "that the new flour mill and elevators of the Ogilvie Milling Company will be erected somewhere in the vicinity of Calgary and Edmonton. The new mill will be in the best position to cater to its B. C. and Orient trade."

It is further said that the new mills will have a capacity of 2,000 barrels a day, the elevators will have a capacity of 300,000 bushels, and the warehouse will have a capacity of 100,000 bags.

If the oriental trade is what the company has in view, Edmonton should certainly have the preference with the easy grades to Northern Pacific ports, which the G.T.P. and C.N.R. lines from this city will furnish. It is when these are completed that Edmonton's large industrial development should really begin.

Among the G.T.P. officials who retired at the beginning of the year were Mr. George H. Pope, right of way agent, and Mr. A. Butze, after whom the company's first station in Alberta was named.

roundings.

The players were: Madame Thibaut, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Soars, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, and Mrs. Hishop. The three first of whom carried off silver bon-bon dishes and a dainty china match case as souvenirs.

Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Kinnaird, Mrs. Brunton and Mrs. W. E. Lines later came in for tea, Mrs. Dickens pouring at a table done in fragrant white hyacinths and smilax.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Robert Haines have moved from their apartment in the Arlington, to a house half-way down the hill on Fifth street Mr. and Mrs. Haines of St. Thomas are with them on a visit.

Mrs. Archie Ponton gave a Bridge on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Bulyea received a host of callers at Government House on Thursday afternoon. Particulars of the reception, I am obliged to hold over until next week.

I hear that "The Thief," being produced at the Empire Theatre the last three nights of this week, is very well worth going to see.

The Premier, Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Clark Dennis are home from their holiday visit to the Peg. Master Raymond Sifton has gone back to his school in Calgary, and Mrs. Sisley and Miss Lindner who were guests of the party in Winnipeg, have returned to Calgary.

Mr. Albert Nash returned on Wednesday from a business trip to Ottawa.

MAN OF SECRETS.

Death of England's Most Famous Lawyer

The death has occurred of Sir George Lewis, Bart., the famous solicitor, who has been ill for some time. He was born in 1833. Educated at Edmonion and University College, Gower street—which, by the way, has given many of her distinguished sons to the law—he was articled to his father at the age of 17, and was admitted as a solicitor in Hilary term, 1856. He at once joined the firm, consisting of his father and uncle as partner. The young solicitor's first great case was the prosecution of the directors of Overend & Gurney's Bank. This led to him having subsequently the management of many other mercantile and financial prosecutions. He was engaged also in the prosecution of Mme. Rachel, and of Slade, the medium, in the Hatton Garden diamond robbery case, in Bell vs. Lawes, the baccarat case, and later in the preparation of the case for Mr. Parnell and the Irish party against The Times at the Parnell commission.

The Art of Forgetfulness

He was the second of the line of lawyers bearing that name, which, even in Ely place no historical associations, its connection with the firm of Lewis & Lewis would have made it renowned. The third of the line of Lewis is Mr. Geo. Lewis, now head of the firm. The erstwhile palace of the Bishops of Ely in days gone by, Ely place, it may be assumed, was not unfamiliar with confessors in the strict sense of the term, but it is doubtful if all those who were associated with the old palace now occupied by the cul-de-sac, where one feels himself far from the madding crowd, could have revealed anything approaching the secrets which were entrusted, at one time or another, to Sir George Lewis. He kept no diary, and was the sole repository of his secrets, and they have died with him. It may be recalled that some time ago Sir George was asked about the end of a celebrated case in which he had been engaged, and Sir George said frankly that he had cultivated the art of forgetfulness, for as soon as a case was over he thought no more about it. If he acted otherwise, his life would be intolerable.

The Bravo Case.

A famous affair in which Sir George was engaged was that known as the Bravo case. Mr. Bravo was a young barrister, and he married a rich widow—beautiful and fascinating. Within a few months of the marriage he died without attracting notice. Weeks or months after the funeral a paragraph suggesting that there was a mystery, and that investigation was called for, appeared in a society paper. The authorities acted, and an inquest was opened and continued for a month. A great array of counsel appeared, among whom were Sir John Holker, attorney general; Sir John Gorst, the solicitor general; Lord James, and Mr. J. P. Murphy. Mr. George Lewis represented the Bravo family. When Mr. Lewis cross-examined Mrs. Cox, the companion of Mrs. Bravo, in London was electrified, but the mystery whether Mr. Bravo died by accident or by his own hand was never solved. Another of the causes celebres with which Sir George Lewis was associated was the defence of Lady Collin Campbell, who died only a few weeks ago.

It was in 1893 that Mr. Lewis was knighted, and nine years ago he was created a baronet. He retired in 1909. In 1907 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. F. Eberstadt. His only son, Mr. George J. G. Lewis, succeeds to the title.

THE GRAND BANKER.

"When the liners cross the Banks," says Frederick Wallman Wallace, writing in December CANADA MONTHLY, "the fishermen keep shrewd lookout.

"A stiff nor'wester was howling across the Banks, and the flying spray whipped from the crests of the waves mingled with the misty rain which drove, fog-like, from off the Newfoundland Coast. A few weather-defying passengers on the big liner bucking her way to the westward, watched with interest the antics of a small schooner flying along, closehauled, a few hundred yards away. As the little vessel rose upon a mighty, white-crested comb, her bowsprit soared sky high, while half of her (Continued on Page Eight.)

Advertise in the "News"

Music and Drama

Ida Burwash in the Canadian Magazine, has this to say of the early days of the Canadian drama: During the latter half of the eighteenth century in Canada strolling players appeared occasionally in the Provinces, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the first theatre was established in Montreal. This was simply a rough stage built into the upper part of a large stone warehouse, and was due to the efforts of an actor from New York, helped out by local sympathizers.

The first mention made of a Canadian actress dates from the year 1806. This mention is made by a most unsparing writer, who states in his "Travels," published at that time, that "women's parts upon the stage were usually played by boys as the only actresses then available in Canada was an old supernumerary demicup whose drunken Belvideras and Mesdemonas enraptured Canadian audiences." Two years later it was announced in Montreal that "The Tempest" would be acted in the Montreal Theatre, the part of Miranda by a young lady of that city who had never appeared on any stage. Unhappily, this unknown lady did not perpetuate her fame like the unknown gentleman of Garrick's play-bill.

The taste for the drama was growing none the less, and before the reign of Victoria the old Theatre Royal rose in Montreal to delight Canadian eyes. It was an ambitious venture for the building in itself cost \$30,000. It opened well under the management of Broom, the brother-in-law of Charles Kemble. During his first season this untiring manager induced the great Edmund Kean to visit Montreal, where on four successive evenings Shakespeare was for the first time worthily presented to colonials. The year 1833 was equally memorable, for in that year Broom persuaded not only his famous brother-in-law, but his equally famous niece, Fanny Kemble, the able successor of Mrs. Siddons, to play for an entire week in Montreal, while among their support he managed to include the popular American actress, Clara Fisher. This was an opportunity gratefully remembered by Montrealers, as in the following year Fanny Kemble disappeared from public life. Her name in connection with that of her aunt Mrs. Siddons brings to a close the brief list of English play-actresses distinguished alike by their perseverance as by their brilliant powers in those interesting hard-working pre-Victorian days.

Reginald De Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a story in praise of modesty.

"A group of tourists," he said, "visited at Bonn Beethoven's house. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the 'Moonlight Sonata' none too well. Beethoven's own work, in his own, on his own piano!

"When the girl had finished she rose and said to the old caretaker:

"I suppose lots of famous musicians have been here and played on this instrument?"

"Well, mis," the caretaker answered gravely, "Paderewski was here last year and his friends urged him to play, but he shook his head and said:

"No, I am not worthy."

The old question of what plays should and what should not be produced is always to the fore. In England where there is an official censor, it is discussed more frequently than with us where the chief of police is allowed to pronounce on moral and artistic standards. Recently the appointment of Mr. Brookfield as assistant to the old censor, Mr. Redford, evoked much criticism. He is the author of a play which has been described in some circles as haughty and many asked if it was a case of a thief being set to catch a thief. London Truth makes this readable comment on the situation:

There is one point on which Mr. Brookfield is to be congratulated. He does not begin his official duties until the beginning of the year. As a consequence he is quite clear of all complicity in the matter of the recent manifestations of censorial imbecility. He has had nothing to do with the withholding of the licence for Battaille's "La Vierge Folle," nor was it his lynx eye that, after 250 nights, spotted impropriety in Mr. Oscar Asche's beautiful production of "Kismet." Other intelligences than his have been at work here in a desperate attempt to make us ridiculous in the eyes of all civilized nations. "La Vierge Folle" is not a pretty play. It is not M. Battaille's way to write pretty plays. But "La Femme Nue" has been played here in English, and it is surely sufficiently strong fare, while "La Vierge Folle," when played in America failed more by reason of its longwindedness and theatricality than for any other causes. However, the infatuation of a young girl for a married man obviously shocked Mr. Redford, and we have been treated to the futile spectacle of the poor harassed man making a hurried hunt for his Advisory Board, with the result that after some delay the responsibility was taken off his shoulders, permission to

reduce the play was given, and the performance at the Coronet on Saturday got, as always happens in these cases, a magnificent free advertisement. A more cumbersome and foolish arrangement than this board cannot be imagined. You cannot keep the members or it chained to an office, and when they are wanted they may be scattered all over the world. Moreover, has any member of it any more qualifications than Mr. Redford, who, at least, ought to have learned something through his unfortunate experiences? There is this, too, to be said, that he is always at his post, and there is often very little time for getting permits for production.

The "Kismet" business is even more absurd. Here you have an exquisitely beautiful production and a play that has been running very many months not only without giving the slightest offence but giving the keenest pleasure to thousands of people, and suddenly some prudently minded person discovers that there is impropriety in a scene when a girl plunges into a bath. I wonder whether the censor remembers the Beckwiths and their successors at the old Aquarium, where, it is to be said, the performers only wore skin tight? Did he see Miss Kellenmann (I think it was) at the Palace Theatre, where she gave an exhibition of swimming after previously disrobing in a transparent tent? And has he ever been at a seaside bathing resort? The bath incident is a trifling one in a beautiful picture, and it needs a peculiarly nasty mind to single it out for censure. In these days Mrs. Grundy is dead. But "Mr." Grundy is on the war-path, and he is a thousand times worse. He sniffs around for indecencies, and is never so happy as when he can conscientiously feel shocked. For his especial benefit I should like to paraphrase a few familiar lines: Sweet are the uses of my scrutiny; Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears aye a purulent outlook on the world: And this my life exempt from common sense Finds dirt in truth, vice in the running plays, Evil in grace and ill in everything. I would not change it.

BOTH APT TO SHRINK.

Sandy was spending his holidays in London, and whilst strolling down by the Thames was accosted by a boatman, who asked him if he would like to go for a row.

"Hoo much is it?" Sandy asked.

"A shilling an hour," he was told.

After a few moments' anxious thought he decided to have half an hour, so they accordingly set off. On their return the wily Scot found, after looking at his watch, that they had only been away twenty minutes. "Hoo! ma mon, ye ha' only gne me twenty minutes," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," said the boatman. "Your time shrinks in London, you know."

"I didn't ke nthat—and hoo much are ye chair-gin' me for it?"

"Sixpence, of course," was the prompt reply.

"Saxpence, is it? Here ye air, then," said Sandy, handing the boatman a threepenny-bit.

The boatman looked hard at it. "I want a sixpence, please," he said.

"Awel, it was a saxpence when I gave it ye, bit mebbe money shrinks in London, too."

—TIT-BITS.

THEY ONLY LOOKED ON.

Johnny hasn't been to school long, but he already holds some peculiar views regarding the administration of his particular class.

The other day he came home with a singularly morose look on his usually smiling face.

"Why, Johnny," said his mother, "what's the matter?"

Johnny snorted.

"I ain't going to that school no more," he fiercely announced.

"Why, Johnny," said his mother, reproachfully, "you musn't talk like that. What's wrong with the school?"

"I ain't going there no more," Johnny replied; "an' it's because all the boys in my room is bloom-in' old cowards."

"Why, Johnny, Johnny."

"Yes, they are. There was a boy whispurin' this mornin', an' teacher saw him an' bumped his head on th' desk ever an' ever so many times. An' those big cowards sat there an' didn't say give it up nor nothin'." They let that old teacher bang th' head off th' poor little boy, an' they just sat there an' seen her do it."

"And what did you do, Johnny?"

"I didn't do nothin'—I was the boy."

—

The military manoeuvres were in a muddle. The "Purples" were supposed to be invading the territory of the "Greens," but why they were or what they were didn't exactly know.

A large detachment of the "Purples" began to cross the river by a wooden bridge to attack a small detachment of "Greens."

"Hi!" roared the "Greens." "Hi! You musn't cross here! Can't you see the notice? This bridge is supposed to be destroyed."

"Hi! Is it?" responded the captain of the "Purples," grimly. "Well, then, we're supposed to be swimming across."

Mason & Risch 136 Jasper W.

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12-inch, \$5.00, in Italian

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH FOR EDMONTON.

On Wednesday the 17th inst, a meeting will be held in the Y.M.C.A. at 8 p.m., for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a Congregational Church in the city, and if thought advisable, to organize and arrange for opening service in connection with same.

A cordial invitation is given to all who may be interested in the matter, to be present. It is suggested that a roll be opened, and any who are desirous, because of their connection with Congregationalism, and wishing to become members of the Edmonton Church may sign the roll on that date.

Already over thirty names for prospective members have been received.

Any one wishing further information should communicate with P. E. Laing, secretary, Pro. Tem., 1255 Ninth street.

NEW NETS FOR THE "WANTED."

(London Globe.)

Through a Paris contemporary we learn of a novel method adopted by the Prague police authorities to detect the perpetrators of high crimes and misdemeanors. But whether the project will prove a success remains to be seen.

When a person of distinction in the annals of crime is being sought and the police experience difficulty in laying hands on the suspect, in future they will send to every cinematograph exhibition in Bohemia a photograph of the person "wanted." During the entertainment the picture will be shown with some little explanatory note, and at the conclusion every member of the audience will be free to act as an amateur detective. It seems very likely that this method will be fruitful in actions for damages.

Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old Port

A Bottle of 50 year old Brandy

A Bottle of Good Sherry

A Bottle of 25 year old Scotch

Or any of the Myriad of good things we have which are appropriate at this festive season.

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THE ITALO-TURKISH WAR.

Two Arab chiefs, sentenced to death by Italian court-martial for stealing an axe from an Italian soldier, on their way to execution at Tripoli. The Italian commander, General Canevs, says that Arabs were warned to disarm or run the risk of being shot. Warrants have been issued by the Italian authorities against the two newspaper correspondents who sent out stories of Italian atrocities, on the ground that they were in collusion with the Turks.

Underwood & Underwood, New York.

WHY PAPA REFUSED.

Little Willie: "I was going fishing on Sunday, but my papa wouldn't let me."

Minister: "That's the right kind of papa to have. Did he tell you the reason why?"

Willie: "Yes, sir. He said there wasn't enough bait for two."

A VENETIAN CHANDELIER.

Mrs. Eastlake: "You visited Venice while you were in Europe, I hear, Mrs. Trotter."

Mrs. Trotter: "Yes, indeed; and we were rowed about by one of the chandeliers for which that city is noted."



That it concerns my boy and not yours is only an accident.

It might just as well have been yours, or Mrs. Brown's, or any boy that is a boy at all.

My knowledge of boys in general is based very much on this boy in particular.

Sometimes I despair of boys.

I did this morning. It was Sunday, and after much persuasion he had descended to the kitchen, dressed in his blue serge, and a clean shirt waist, all spick and span from his head TO his feet—but these rigged out in his favorite moccasins, while his Sunday-go-to-meeting-boots reposed disconsolately in his cupboard, upstairs.

"Good grief!" said I, "where on earth are your boots. Haven't you any sense? Coming down on Sunday morning looking like an Indian."

"Wish I had been born one," said the Boy, "and that you were a Squaw, and Dad a lazy old brave."

"I'm sick of town. Wish we lived in the open, and that I was a hunter, and you didn't have to dress, and wear stiff collars, and boots and all that kind of thing. The wild, free life for mine."

The Boy stood gazing at the kettle as it hummed, his attention divided between it and the fire, spluttering with the cheery crackle of freshly-lighted wood.

It is Boy's work in the morning to light that fire for me, and empty the ashes, instead of which on this particular day, he had lain in bed reading of worlds far away to conquer, while his paternal parent, "the lazy old brave" had arisen and done his tasks for him. "Perhaps," remarked the "lazy brave" at this stage, "it's just as well that things are as they are, your father an ordinary energetic white man—otherwise I am afraid we should still be waiting for our breakfast."

Of course, in the desired scheme of things, Boy is a prancing young brave. Very handsome, I have no doubt, and always, always on continual hunting expeditions.

For him there would be no fires to light, no real work. Just all glory and danger, as the story books have it.

Theoretically he is very learned, this boy of mine, on life in the open.

Encouraged, and advised by him, I have bought him a fine little library, on Wood-craft, Scouting Lore, "First Aid to the Injured" and all that sort of thing, but of course that doesn't concern the laying of fires in stoves—ugly, black, practical things, but has to do with camp fires, laid under the spreading trees or out in the open, with horses munching grass contentedly near by.

It is a caution, you know, how much difference it makes, the story-book way, and the dull, uninteresting, ordinary method. Same about that first-aid information. There, for I have delved into the book, in odd spare moments myself, you always have all sorts of fascinating antiseptic lint and bandages handy, and the patient remains cool and doesn't squirm, and all that sort of thing.

I have only my mother knowledge at command—It is Boy who knows the book lore. And yet, when a certain small fellow runs a nail in his foot, or jags his hand with his new Christmas jack-knife, he forgets the learned dissertations in his library, jumps and jiggles around—oh, quite like any other boy—and comes to his poor "old squaw" of a mother for comfort and healing. Quite content with the soft old rag and a piece of string, that have never failed yet, to produce a cure.

Amazing, isn't it?

Not the least bit story-bookish or romantic. Breakfast too quite palatable cooked on the old kitchen range.

While man pretty decent sort of a parent, too. Oh you story books! Oh, all you dear scouting lads with your pretty theories and dreams and far-off visions. It is not I who would drag you from them, save as to make you just practical enough for helpful every-day living.

Moccasins versus boots.

Don't I know the charm of the unconventional, as against the dreary monotony of cramped conventionalities?

Is there never a day when I, Cinderella of a modern kitchen, don't sit peacefully before the fire, dreaming not of a Fairy Prince, at least of a kind Godmother, who will bring me all the wonderful things for which I sigh.

My boy and mine not different.

Day after day I don't steal away from my pots and pans to get gay fling at dances, and tea-parties, and I, like stroke of the clock, have to fly back to find the tiny coach and horses gone, all gone, and only the pumpkin awaiting me, ready to be made into pie.

"Dreams called for Business." Theories and Facts, Story-Book and Real Life, dear Readers, did you ever know a human corpse? It isn't only small boys who are dying, and a attempt to, the commonplace-ness of life is often playing of the ashes, the kindling of kindling.

One day I was waiting to be an Indian, and becomes in time a circle to wearing uncomfortable shoes, but things the moccasins stand for, that wider, freer life, that the Boy was thinking of as he was waiting in story-book land. Do not we older ones long to be like him, as passionately, yes even more so. I have heard of such a story-book, such a very funny story-book; The common life of story-book Where no story is true; And nothing is absurd For folks busy you do—

And if I could turn my life away in such a land, believe me I could be the real business tomorrow.

A friend of mine the spreading trees, the wild, free life, I know his vagabond today.

Who knows what day the Boy and I will take to the road?

Just as the benefits accrued to very young persons of attending day from compulsory attendance on many things; services it would be hard to determine. I have "lasting memories" at any rate, remained with Clarence Siedman, of the Norwich House, in New York, to which, as a wee boy, he happened to be one of his aunts three times each "Saturday" those parts of the service and surroundings that it stuck in the childish mind are amusingly recalled in Mr. Siedman's "Life and Letters". That which would be heard in New York—twenty-five men and twenty-five women; trebles, basses, sopranos and altos—males on one side, females on the other.

They sang, through their noses—there was no doubt the singing was with their lungs. The women carried things; those who fell a little short in style were scorned as common. The basses sang no air at all, and the altos scared off by themselves on a high scale of music.

Mr. Siedman at Washington, the great-grandson of Washington's great-grandfather, was as straight as an arrow and a little man. It afforded me the greatest pleasure to watch his Adam's apple during his participation in the service.

There was an Adam's apple before that had such a wonderful range! It worked up and down like a human pump-handle. It was always on time. It descended so low that it dream it would rise again, and then, when all seemed lost, it rose again, slowly, grandly, with a masterful lead in which left no doubt but that it could have gone on rising through eternity, if so it pleased.

The singing-house had a round dome of a sound, and in the middle of it. The pews were square, with a small, as I recall it, round two sides. My aunt's wooden and brass foot-stoves, and we children, and I found on footstools on the floor. Of course, we would not see anything when seated.

At the time I went away to college, I am sure that the singing-house had been a furnace in the church, and I recall my pleasure and interest in the singing from which the heat rose.

Peggy

A RAPID CHANGE.

"Are you going to visit William Bliggins? That never do."

"I shall go, I think not, indeed."

"The people will hardly be interested to hear that he has inherited a hundred thousand pounds."

"What!—Daddy old Bill!"



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THE GRAND BANKER.

(Continued from Page Five.)

gleaming underbody emerged from the foaming water like a gambling porpoise. For a short moment she paused on the hull top of blue green sea, and then swished down into the trough with a crash which buried her bows and sent a clou of spray as high as the foretopmast cross-trees. Under her reeled main sail and lower sails, she would rise and disappear from view on the hills and dales of racing, surging seas, and roll down to leeward in a manner which made the onlookers hold their breaths involuntarily. Within a biscuit toss she came; her sails dark with rain and spray; briny water sluicing from every scupper hole; and the white water from under her sharp bows foaming and tossing along the bends of her black hull to mingle with the hissing wake astern.

"Aft, near the wheel, three oil-skin clad figures gazed up at the ponderous bulk of the liner with aggressive, semi-contemptuous stares, until, like a sea skimming bird, the schooner drove over the wind-harried combers, and misty rain and spray hid ships and men from each other's sight.

"A Toronto broker, homeward bound from an Old Country trip, turned and enquired of the second mate: 'Don't you think those fellows are taking big chances in this weather with a small vessel like that?'

"No!" replied the officer, tersely. "They're Bak fishermen."

"To him, this seemed explanation enough. He was of the sea, and nautically wise. He knew the Grand Banker; knew their seamanship; their reckless daring; and was also aware of their hatred for the hard-driving liner running on schedule time with mails and passengers aboard. A half-forgotten memory of a passage when he had heard the muffled scream in the fog, and seen the splintered dory whirling past in the cream of the racing bow wave, had opened his eyes and made him an able interpreter of the fisherman's antipathy."

A WEDDING IN THE OLD RED RIVER DAYS

In 1893 Mr. John Macbeth, of Winnipeg, wrote a valuable paper on "Social Customs and Amusements of Life in the Red River Settlement and Rupert's Land." Here is his description of a wedding of the old days:

"The festivities generally commenced the day before the solemnization of the marriage, which usually took place on a Thursday. Eating, drinking, but principally dancing, was the order. On the eventful day the happy couple, accompanied by a long procession of guests in carioles and cutters and every 'gallant' accompanied by a 'partner,' if he could get one. The return of the wedding party was generally made the opportunity for the young men to give an exhibition of the speed of their horses—and they had splendid horses then. But there was one invariable rule in these drives, and that was that no one would dare pass the bridal party in the race, as to do so would be to commit a breach of etiquette which would neither be overlooked nor forgiven.

"We have now arrived at the house of the bride's parents, which was always used for the feast. The house of a neighbor was cheerfully given up to the dances, and the festivities have been known to go on with unabated vigor and joyous hilarity for three days and three nights. It is true they were rather hard on moccasins, but people very often provided themselves with more than one pair. But the dance went on until there was nothing but what was worn out except the floor, and sometimes there was very little of that left.

"Some may perhaps think that the moccasin part of this account is overdrawn, but I can assure you seriously that I am, if anything, under the mark. Of course, you must understand that when I use the word 'dancing' I mean it in a different light to the dances of modern days. Instead of pianos and orchestra we had the good, old-fashioned fiddle, and always plenty of willing hands to play it. Instead of the effeminate, easy-going and dreamy waltz we had the always exciting and lively 'Red River Jig,' which required not only skill to dance, but lots of endurance as well. (The late Hon. John Norquay, for many years premier of the Province of Manitoba, was extremely vigorous in this old-time jig.)

"Instead of the modern Colillion and Quadrille we danced the ever-reliable old Scotch Reel, or Reel of Four, and instead of the somewhat lazy and languid Lancers we danced the ever-popular and swingy Eight-hand Reel.

"The next important step after the marriage festivities were over was the "Kirkling." On the Sunday immediately after the wedding, the bride and her husband, accompanied by the groomsmen and bridesmaids, drove to church, arrayed in their marriage clothes, and, of course, were the synosure of all eyes, after which they dined together at the house of the bride's mother.

"Now, you may imagine that this would end the festivities, but not so. The bridegroom is still at his father-in-law's, and he must be brought back to the paternal roof, and the new daughter must be welcomed right royally, and all relatives and friends were invited to share the feast. It is now the same old story of fiddle, jig, and making merry till sunrise the following morning, when all go home to slumber, or to go about their daily work."

Mr. Macbeth goes on to tell us that "Christmas Day in the Red River Settlement was not very well observed, but New Year's day was 'the' day that was kept. It was a great day, a red letter day in fact—especially for the aborigines. Every Indian who had a flint lock gun would have it loaded up, and it was a very common thing for settlers to be disturbed about daylight on the New Year's morning by a volley of musketry outside the door. This was the way that our dusky brothers ushered in the day that would be to them one of continual feasting.

"After this preliminary the Indians would divide themselves into squads and start on their visits, calling at every house and getting something to eat at each place. If they could not eat all that was given a convenient receptacle was always found for the surplus, and the settlers always prepared beforehand for these callers. When a party of them entered the house the men shook hands all round. The squaws, moreover, were always determined not to be behind their pale sisters in keeping up the custom of kissing on New Year's Day, and insisted on kissing anybody and everybody. While I didn't object seriously to the osculatory custom of the times, I was always imbued with the idea that the process should be mutually agreeable, and for that reason I was impelled to make a hasty exit through one door as our dusky lady friends came in at another entrance in order to avoid the ordeal.

"The twenty-fourth of May was always a great day in these old Red River times. People would gather at Fort Garry, from Lake Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, and as far up the Red River as Pembina and St. Joe across the line. We had no mili-

tary manoeuvres, but horse racing was the sole sport. We have on many occasions ridden races from the Fort down what is now Main street, but was then only a trail.

"We know nothing about Dominion Day, but I can well remember that when the Fourth of July was celebrated by our American friends then resident in Winnipeg, the proper salute was fired and the day generally observed with sports.

"I well remember the 'Good Old Days,' particularly the return of the Boatman—as they were called—from York Factory. These Boatmen Voyagers, or Tripmen, belonged to that class of settlers who did not farm sufficiently to make them independent of the Hudson's Bay Co. The trips to York Factory, in the far north, were two in the year, known as the summer and fall trips. These were made for the purpose of bringing goods landed at York by the Hudson's Bay ships as supplies for the interior, including Red River.

"These Boatmen were generally engaged during the winter preceding the voyage, and were bound to be ready to start about the first of June. In a crew of eight men there was generally found one who furnished fun for the others, with a fiddle or two in the crew, and men who could play them. When the different brigades of Boatmen met at York factory, and while waiting for cargoes, I am told by a gentleman who witnessed the scenes of boisterous hilarity, that they 'begged' description.

"Upon their return to the Red River and immediately upon unloading their boats, a goodly supply of the 'ardent' was broached, and they proceeded to make 'Rome howl!' It was looked upon with easy tolerance, a way these rough fellows had of celebrating a safe return from a more or less dangerous and perilous voyage.

"In these early days the currency of the Red River Settlement was pounds, shillings and pence, and when at the time of the transfer it was changed to dollars and cents it was some time before these old settlers could master the system."

Mr. Macbeth bears honorable testimony to the old officials of the Hudson's Bay Co.:

"Sometimes, it is said, that the word 'honorable' is affixed to the name of some person whose moral character would not entitle him to it, but the experience of the old settlers in their dealings with the Honorable Hudson's Bay Co. would justify the term in every sense of the word. Possibly no individual company or corporation had greater opportunities for imposing on the credulity and ignorance of the unsophisticated aborigines of this country as this gigantic corporation, whose forts, posts and establishments were in every conceivable part from Labrador to the North Pole. Young men sent out from the old country, and some selected from among the local settlers, were gentlemen in every sense of the word. They nearly all started from the foot of the ladder, many of them of more than ordinary attainments, moulded on principles of morality, honesty, and probity, became in after years prominent in the administration of the company's affairs.

"With reference to the social customs of the company's Upper and Lower Forts, it may be said that the officials always joined with the settlers, and even with the Indians, in their pleasures and amusements, celebrating New Year's Day with as much ceremony as was observed in the Red River Settlement. But at York Factory the great event was the arrival of the Hudson's Bay ships from England, which occurred about August 20, and brought all the supplies for the year. This was a season of great rejoicing, and was announced by the firing of six guns. Dog races were the principal outdoor recreation during the winter months, often ending in a general fight in which over a hundred canines would be engaged."

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK.

(Continued from Page One.)

MR. George H. Pope, well-known through the West as the right of way agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific, retired at the first of the year. He had had a most interesting career in the service of both the parent corporation and its offspring. As claims agent for the railway he reached a settlement with P. T. Barnum for the death of Jumbo, the famous elephant that was killed at St. Thomas, Ont. He was an immense attraction and the great showman wanted a very large sum for the loss. Finally the chief solicitor for the G.T.R., Mr. John Bell, said to Mr. Barnum, that if it were necessary to pay so much, the railway would have to take the carcass and see if some use could not be made of it. This gave Mr. Barnum an idea. He decided to have the carcass stuffed and mounted and exhibited as Jumbo's ghost. The railway agreed to carry the ghost without charge through Canada, and settlement was effected on this basis.

MR. Fred Stimson, whose death occurred in Montreal this week after a long illness, was one of the best known men in the early days in the Calgary district. Everyone that visited the southern town ten years ago knew him. He stood for an era in the development of Alberta which has now passed completely into history, one that was picturesque in the extreme.

Johnstone Walker's Stocktaking Sale News

A few of the many Special Offerings

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THAT'S BOUND TO MAKE A HIT

It's bound to make a hit for two particular reasons, viz.: Most Edmonton women know the quality of this stock and know how reasonably priced each article is at regular. Secondly because our clearance price of 15c for the following is less than we've ever offered it at before.

Japanese China in dainty hand painted and Oriental decorated designs, including Cups and Saucers, Plates and China Novelties. Regularly worth 25c to 50c. 15c.

AVIATION CAPS AND WOOL

HOODS PRICED TO SAVE MONEY

Indeed they are both such exceptional offerings that Saturday selling will soon melt down the stock.

Women's Aviation Caps, made of heavy rope wool, in cardinal, navy, white and grey and fawn. Also in combination colors. Assorted sizes. Very popular for motorizing skating. SALE PRICE. \$1.75

Women's Wool Hoods, knitted from fine Berlin wool in good heavy weight, warm and comfortable. Shown in black only. Assorted sizes. Regular values at 75c and 85c. SALE PRICE. 50c

TOO MANY OF THESE HONEY COMB SHAWLS

So we are going to apply the remedy by putting Sale Price Tickets on them that read 40c, regular 60c and 75c; and 75c, regularly \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Honey Comb Shawls, made of fine pure white wool in white, pink, sky, cardinal and black, good weight and size. Regularly 60c and 75c. SALE PRICE. 40c

Honey Comb Shawls, made of extra heavy wool in cardinal or black; large size. Knitted in attractive designs. Regularly worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. SALE PRICE. 75c

MILL ENDS OF TABLE LINENS

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Mill Ends of Table Linens in splendid Irish makes in bleached, semi-bleached and unbleached, in widths from 60 to 72 inches, and lengths from 1 1/4 to 3 yards. Every piece guaranteed full length and without damage of any kind. Regular values from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per length.

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